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MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

BY

ANDREW R. SIMPSON

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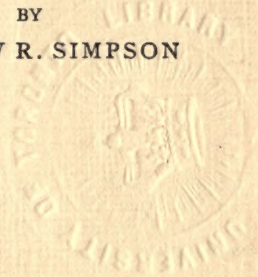

Author of
"THE NOBLE SLAIN"
"THE ENGLISH TONGUE"
"THE ARCTIC POLE," etc.

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DEDICATION.

These verses are humbly addressed to all in the hope that they may appeal to the hearts of some and tend towards the uplifting of the soul.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Sympathy	11
The Robin	12
Home	14
May	16
The Baby	17
Fidelity	19
An Autumn Evening	21
Rosalind	23
The Noble Slain	25
June	27
Prayer	29
Nature	31
The Skylark	33
Ode to Music	34
A Reverie	36
The Humming Bird	37
Hope	39
October	41
The Chimes	43
Rose	44

Page.

The Brook 45
Thoughts On Vesuvius in Eruption 47
The Lilac's Bloom 49
The Reason Why 51
The Bee 52
Life 54
The Destruction of San Francisco 55
Ode to Poetry 57
The Breezes 58
A June Night 61
The Passing of the Seasons 63
Charity 65
Winter 66
Oft Under Starry Sky 68
When the Sands of Life Are Sinking 70
The Flowers of May 71
The Union Jack 73
Poesy's Song 75
A Song of Hope 77
The Moss-Hidden Fount 78
God's Omnipotence 79
Down by the Rippling River 81
A Song of the Redeemer 84
A Picture of Autumn 85
The English Tongue 87
A Dream of Spring 89
The Barque of Friendship 91
'Tis Jesus Our Saviour 92

Page.

The Broken Circle 93
The Burial 95
Tootsie 97
Memory's Tower 98
Heaven 99
I Am So Glad That Jesus Came 100
Ode to Canada 101
I Am Dreaming of Thee 103
Arbitration Versus War 104
My Soul a Derelict 105
A Song of the Snow 106
I Strolled Across the Meadow 108
The Arctic Pole 110
My Sweet Charming Mollie 112
The Dewdrop 114
A Dream of Youth 115
Eternity 116
Tell Me, O Heart 118
The Asters 119
Flossie and I 121
The Belle 123
The Daisies 124
The Condor 126
Sing Not to the World of Sorrow 129
Autumn's Farewell 130
Clementine 132
For Thee, Love, I Mourn 133
The Anemone 135

Page.

Peace at Eve 136
Present the Funny Side 137
Beloved Heart 138
The Sentinel Asleep 139
The Brier Bush in Bloom 141
To Isabel 142
The Dandelion 143
An Ode to January and February 144
The Easter Morn 146
Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow 147

SYMPATHY.

SWEET Sympathy! blest bond of faith,
Chaste spouse of heavenly grace!
When souls are wracked by trouble's wraith,
How lovely is thy face!
As bland zephyrs from the south
Soften the northern gale,
So words of comfort from thy mouth
As surely must avail

To cheer our way, allay our fears,
Dispel the lowering cloud,
Till just beyond Hope's star appears,
Whose rays of light, endowed
With subtle power from out thy fount
To calm the troubled soul,
Must lead it step by step to mount
To Heaven's golden goal.

THE ROBIN.

DEAR bird, your lonely plaintive voice
From out the leafless tree,
Loud calling to your mate, "Rejoice!"
Sings of bright days to be.
By the swift flashes of your wing,
And by its golden fawn,
Full well we know the winter king
Must yield to summer's dawn.

Then pipe and sing,
Bright herald of spring,
Dear Robin on the lawn!

Through cheerless days of rain and haze
While winter lingers long,
Then most is heard your rollicking lays,
Your doubly welcome song,—
Upon the spray, beneath the eave,
You chirp the live-long day,
To cheer the lonely hearts that grieve
For sunny days of May.

Then sing your song
Both loud and long,
Dear Robin on the spray!

As o'er our heads the seasons surge,
Bright spring and summer wane,
Yet may be heard your mournful dirge
As winter comes again.
Clad in your garb of red and gray
Matching old autumn's breast,
You chant a farewell roundelay
From mounds where May flowers rest.

Then drop a tear
Upon their bier,
Dear Robin, and be blest!

HOME.

SWEET Home, blessed haven of rest,
True synonym for peace,—
Where'er I roam,
Yet still for home
My yearnings never cease!

How Memory's fires within my soul,
Kindling their mystic flame
On land or sea,
Where'er I be,
Home's potency proclaim!

Upon the hearthstone of my heart
Their embers glint and fall;
What hopes and fears,
What smiles and tears,
Their flickerings recall!

There Memory points my happiest hours
And paints my saddest scenes,—
    While far away
    My footsteps stray—
Upon its fireside screens.

Then home, sweet home, for home I pray
Its portals to be blest;
    When tired of strife
    And troubles rife
I turn to home for rest.

MAY.

MAY is the fairest maid that sits
In the bower of the year;
Across her face the sunbeam flits
And dries the pearly tear,
For her dear sister, April, shed,—
Passed to her calm Zion
The morn that happy May did wed
Her true love, Dandelion.

Of all the suitors for her hand,
Pleading at her feet,
This gay young knight she doth command
Her yielding heart to greet,
And lead her to the altar, where
Her bridesmaids stand around,—
The buttercups and daisies fair,
Upon the flowering mound.

May is a bride that fairer grows
With each succeeding day;
For her the wind of pleasure blows,
And blossoms forth the spray.
Alas, the irony of life!
Upon June's natal morn
Death claims the young and faithful wife,
When her fair child is born.

THE BABY.

LITTLE baby, wherefore cry,
Called to this world of sorrow?
Is it because of trouble nigh
Awaiting thee to-morrow?

Wherefore flows that pearly tear
From eyes of liquid blue?
Oh, can it be that thou dost fear
This life may prove untrue?

Wherefore pales that pinky glow
On cheeks of peachy bloom?
Is it because that thou dost know
Thy step leads towards the tomb?

Wherefore comes that little sigh
From lips of rosy red?
Is it because that thou must lie
On sorrow's thorny bed?

Wherefore writhes that chubby arm
Beneath thy linen white?
Is it because thou tak'st alarm
At trouble's darkening night?

Wherefore heaves that tiny breast
With mortal breath of life?
Is it a presage of no rest
From sorrow, sin and strife?

Wherefore dost thou fall asleep
Within thy downy cot?
Is it because thine eyelids weep
O'er Paradise forgot?

Little baby, cease to cry,
No longer weep in vain!
For guardian angels 'throned on high
Shall brush the tear-stain

From thine eyelids closed in death,
When life's trials all are o'er;
And quicken with their heavenly breath
Thy breast forevermore.

FIDELITY.

TO-NIGHT I sit alone and brood
O'er happy days of yore,
When thee, Dear Love, I fondly woo'd
Beside the cottage door.

As hand in hand we gladly strolled
Beneath the orchard trees,
How brightly shone thy tresses gold,
When tossed by summer breeze!

How sweet the music from thy lips
Sounded within mine ears;
No note of thine my memory slips
Through all the passing years.

And now thy hair is silvery white,
Thy brow deep furrows fill;
But yet, Dear Love, to me to-night
Thy charms are sweeter still.

Thine eyes are dimmed by age and care;
Their loads thy shoulders bow;
Yet thou to me wast not more fair
When first I pledged love's vow.

Not long 'twill be before death parts
For a brief day, Dear Love,
To join again our kindred hearts
In fairer realms above.

Then hand in hand we'll march along
To Heaven's portals bright;
This is no ephemeral song
I sing for thee to-night.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

AWHILE on autumn's heath I lie,
Soft bed beneath the trees,
Of golden brown and russet dye,
Just garnered by the breeze,—
The blue-jay pipes his farewell note,
The bees hum lullabys,
And harsh from out the tree-tops float
The raven's noisy cries.

The cricket chirps beneath the grass,
The wren lisps in the grove,
While homeward through the forest pass
The lowing herd doth rove.
The squirrel lurks near his cozy nest
Provisioned with his food,
And hops and whirls and chatters, lest
Invaders bold intrude.

The owl mounts guard beside his home
Within the hollow beech,
And from beneath its gnarled dome
Defiance loud doth screech.
The rabbit scurries through the glade,
The woodchuck seeks his den;
Loud caroling in their sedgy shade
Lie tenants of the fen.

And while this warbling chorus fills
  The forest concert halls,
The low soft alto of the rills
  Blends sweet with bird-note calls,—
Vibrating a responsive chord
  Strung tense within my soul,
As lying on fair autumn's sward
  I hear her music roll.

ROSALIND.

SWEET Rosalind, of form divine,
You have enthralled my heart,
Oh, could I feel that you were mine,
And that for me your beauties shine
Inviting Cupid's dart!

Not half so fair as flush that spreads
Upon your pearly cheek,—
The blush of roses o'er their beds
As low they bow their petaled heads
When kissed by dew-drops meek!

Not near so deep the purple hue
Of violets by the brook,
All freshly steeped in morning dew,—
As azure of your eyes of blue,
Through which your soul doth look!

Less dazzling bright is burnished gold,
Or tassels on the corn,—
Than tresses fair in many a fold
Wreathing your brow of marble mould
Like sunny rays of morn!

White as the lily in the vale
  Your shapely throat doth gleam;
Bright as the stars that never pale,
Swift as the winds that ride the gale,
  Your glances ever seem!

Sweet as the soft zephyr breeze
  Charged with rich perfumes rare,
Wafted from off the flowery leas,
Or lapped from blossoms of the trees,—
  Your breath, my maiden fair!

Pure as the whirling mound of snow
  On winter's stormy day,
Your ravishing breast heaves to and fro,
As love's emotions through it flow
  And hum an amorous lay.

Then Rosalind, pure as the dew,
  Fresh as the morning air,
My heart o'erflows with love for you,
And never shall it prove untrue,
  Chaste maiden, gay and fair!

THE NOBLE SLAIN.

THE bugles sound, the chargers neigh,
The foe wheels into line,
All leveled for the dreadful fray
The serried lances shine.
"Forward! Victory or Death!"
Is the stern command
Where Valor yields his vital breath
For home and native land.

Now here, now there, a comrade falls,
Gone on his last parole;
No more he heeds the shells and balls,
The cannonades that roll,—
As thickening o'er the bloody plain
The battle's din is hurled,
For, mantled on the noble slain,
Death's flag of truce lies furled.

Now free from strife and mortal pangs
Sleep soundly, honored brave!
While Glory's hallowed halo hangs
Above your unmarked grave.
No mocking foe in his retreat
Shall dare to trespass here,
Where Honor's vigilant sentries beat
The precincts of your bier.

And while Oblivion's withering gale
Sweeps o'er the plains of Time,
Her ivy-green shall Memory trail
Your sepulchre to climb.
Your native land, your brotherhood,
Can ne'er forget your name,
Or shun the spot that Valor's blood
Did dedicate to Fame.

But yet for you once more shall sound
The trumpet's last roll-call,
When all earth's fallen gather round
Their Sovereign Lord of All;
And pass in Judgment's grand review
Before the Lord of Lords,
Where many are called but chosen few
To be His Royal Guards.

JUNE.

JUNE is the month that seems most gay
Of all the seasons round;
The month when perfumed breezes play
Above ambrosian ground.

The butterfly, the busy bee,
Flit free from flower to vine,
And while they work and hum in glee,
On honey always dine.

The humming-bird in flowering tree
Sings love beneath her gourd,
Where anchored fast, yet swinging free,
Her silken nest is moored.

In handiwork that all is his
The robin builds low down,
And like the gallant knight he is,
In vest of red and brown,

Invites his modest bride to share,
Beneath the blossomed tree,
His home of thatch safe hidden there,—
And rear their children three.

June is the month that grows more fair
With every passing hour,
The month of bower and balmy air,
The month of rainbow shower.

Small wonder that the brides of men
Choose her their nuptial day,
When chimes in happy unison
Love's dream upon the spray.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the suppliant sinner's wail
O'erwhelmed by grim despair;
When all the powers of hell assail,
And passion blows a furious gale,
A haven calm is prayer.

Prayer is the lighthouse of the soul,
When sorrow's seas are dark;
Prayer is this life's magnetic pole,
The while her stormy billows roll,
Guiding her fragile bark.

Prayer is the prodigal's humble cry
Returning home sincere;
While on contrition's bed we lie
Prayer is the sweetest lullaby
That falls upon the ear.

Prayer is the hope that dwells within
The sinful hearts of men;
Prayer is the power that besets sin,
And from temptation strives to win
Lost souls to God again.

Prayer is the hush that stills the breast,
  And rests upon the tongue,—
When on the bier for burial dressed
Silent we lie at death's behest,
  While feral hymns are sung.

Prayer is the plight of promise fair,
  The fount of Life to be;
Prayer is omniscient everywhere—
E'en Christ Himself did bow in prayer
  While hanging on the tree.

By prayer we live, in prayer we die,
  And prayer is not in vain;
Prayer is a guardian angel nigh
Waiting to guide our souls on high,
  When Christ shall reign again.

NATURE.

GRAND Nature, mother of the arts,
Preceptress of the Muse,
Appealing to responsive hearts
Thy beauties to effuse!

What brush can paint the rainbow's hue?
Weaver, thy garb design?
What hand distil the morning dew,
Or mix the ocean brine?

What lute so sweet, as evening breeze
That sougheth o'er the hills,
And sinks to rest on flowery leas
To music of the rills?

What choir so grand as that which sings
Thy songs at break of day?
Or drum so loud when ocean flings
His thunder through the spray?

What builder bold dare rear his dome
Within the fleecy cloud,
Where floating mists the eagle's home
On mountain peak enshroud?

What bards so sweet to sing thy praise
In measured rhythmic lines,
As cuckoos, linnets, larks and jays,
Or winds within the pines?

Then, Mother Nature, list! we hear
Spring breathing through the trees,
And catch with joy the treble clear
Of summer's bracing breeze.

Soon autumn tenors, rising high,
Their softer notes efface,
To sing of stern old winter nigh
In loud resounding bass,

Who over thee his snows shall spread,
And hang his crystal spear,
To mark the spot where rests thy head,
While sleeping 'neath his bier

Till vernal breezes blow again
And rend his snowy pall,
And from the field, and from the fen,
Thy happy children call.

THE SKYLARK.

PEERLESS warbler of the sky!
Wherefore wing thy flight on high?
Sublimest songster of the air!
Why dost thou scorn earth's bosom fair?
Why not sing thy sweetest lays
On her silvery blossomed sprays?
Perhaps it be the fleecy mist,
Its heavenward side by sunshine kissed,
Inspires thy heart to grander strain,
Or love's low, lingering, sweet refrain?
Thou must catch, while soaring space,
Straggling notes from heaven's place!
Peeping over the rainbow's rim
Mayhap thou hail'st the cherubim!
Else wherefore shouldst thou care to leave
Thy babes alone on earth to grieve,
And soar away beyond their sight
Until engulfed in Hesperus' light,
Whence robed in thy white dressing gown
Thou pour'st celestial music down
To where they lie on floral sward
Listening to thy rapturous chord?
Like rain of music from the sky,
Angelic minstrel hovering high,
Thy sublime notes, inborn of love,
Turn my thoughts to heaven above!

ODE TO MUSIC.

WHEN'ER I hear sweet music's chime,
Or listen to her ditty,
Enraptured by grand strains sublime,
Or moved to tears of pity,—
To clothe in choicest words of speech,
In stanzas sweet and low,
I try her trancing notes to reach,
While Orpheus tunes his bow.

When evening breeze moans in the pine,
When angry tempests roar,
And lash to spray old ocean's brine
Upon the sounding shore;
O then I seek to please her Muse,
Attune to flat or sharp,
The cadence that her tongue must choose,
While Orpheus picks his harp.

And when I hear the wild woods ring
With medley low and loud,
Or hearken while the skylarks sing
Far in the fleecy cloud;
'Tis then I strive by metre pure
Her sweetest strains to suit,
And whisper words that must endure,
While Orpheus blows his lute.

And while the sea sighs o'er the bar,
  Rills murmur through the glen,
The distant thunder from afar
  Speaks to my heart again,
And bids it tell, in lines that live
  While centuries go and come,
The rapture that her Muse must give,
  While Orpheus beats his drum.

While I describe her beauty fair,
  Of form, and face, and feature,
And how she drives away all care
  From every living creature;
I dread to think what life would be,
  And what a state abhorr'd,
Did merry music's melody
  Blend not with Orpheus' chord.

A REVERIE.

LIKE a bright Star of Hope
My Love appeared to me;
But all too soon
Ere sunny noon
She sank beneath the sea,

Anon to rise again,
Aglow with brighter gleam,
Destined to mount
To Heaven's fount
In her zenith beam.

Then slowly towards the West,
Bright Star of Hope to me,
Like Venus sink
To Heaven's brink,
My prayer, Sweet Love, for thee!

THE HUMMING BIRD.

THOU tiny animated sprite,
Darting amidst the flowers,
Dodging the sun-tipped arrows bright
That pierce the leafy bowers!

Thy meat the honey from their cells,
Thy drink the morning dew,
Thy tenting place their perfumed bells,
Thy garb the rainbow's hue!

Pray tell me wherefore wast thou born,
For pleasure only made?
Or has the rose for thee its thorn,
The summer day its shade?

May not thy tiny heart grief know
While humming thy refrain?
Or do thy tearlets never flow,
Thy pleasures never wane?

And thou mak'st, flitting here and there,
This answer full and free—
"God grants to all His tender care,
And loveth thee and me."

Then flit about and hum thy tune
O'er fell and flowery lea—
Fair creature of the days of June,
Companion of the bee!

Within my soul thy form portrays,—
Embodiment of love!
A scene of endless happy days,
A glimpse of Heaven above.

HOPE.

BLEST Hope! pure fount of age and youth!
Deep well of manhood's prime!
Sweet essence of eternal truth!
Thy mission is sublime.

Thy ray is Heaven's brighest star
Shining across our path,
Which ever, as we near the Bar,
A subtler influence hath.

When twilight fadeth into night,
And darkness shrouds the sky,
Then brightest beams the Beacon Light
From thy clear orb on high.

Then glow and gleam, sweet star, nor pale
Thy silvery shimmering ray,
Until beyond earth's tearful vale
Death's dread mists break away,

And radiant angels from the East
  Unfurl their banners gold,
And summon to their royal feast,
  And to the heavenly fold

All those, who led by thy pole star,
  Guided by its bright ray,
Have safely crossed Death's dreaded bar
  To realms of Perfect Day.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER fair is here again
Dressed in her russet gown;
Lightly she treadeth glade and glen
While leaves are dropping down.

Softly she sighs for bygone days
When summer airs were bright,
While struggling through the smoky haze
Looms red Sol's fiery light.

The bee drones sullen o'er the beds
Where once the daisies grew,
But now are ranged their blighted heads
In shades of amber hue.

The waterfowl upon the marsh
Now splash and scream in fright,
Disturbing by their clamor harsh
The stillness of the night.

The hunter through the forest glade
Wends slow his stealthy way,
And hails with joy his rustic maid,
October, grave and gay.

And while she gambols in her mirth,
  She pauses to remember
The mother kind who gave her birth,
  Benign and calm September;

And plants an aster on her grave
  To mark her silent tomb,
Where once the golden grain did wave
  And summer roses bloom.

THE CHIMES.

SWEET chiming bells, your music swells
'Cross boulevard and street;
Your melodies in fitful spells
For lonely hearts seem meet.

Now, "Jesus Lover of My Soul,"
Chimeth your silvery tongue;
Soon, "Home Sweet Home" begins to toll,
And medley grand is rung.

O'er busy mart and thoroughfare,
Down avenue and alley,
Soothing sad hearts that ache with care,
Rolls "Lily of the Valley."

Down from your belfry high and grand,
Clear, at the close of day,
Float sweet the strains of "Beulah Land"
Through lane and dark byway.

Then, chiming bells, your music pour
O'er square and restful park;
Your silvery tongues a wealth of lore
Teach all who heed and hark.

ROSE.

FAIR maiden, chaste, blithe and demure,
As any flower that grows,
Your beauties rare love's fancies lure,
My charming little Rose!

Then nightly, like a lover true,
I seek your face so fair;
You e'er my heart with love imbue,
Coy maiden debonair!

Your pinky cheeks outblush the dawn,
Your ringlets sunbeams hold,
Your fairy feet outsrip the fawn,
Your heart's like refined gold!

O that the Muse of Love might fling
Her mantle at my feet,
And teach my stammering tongue to sing
Your praise in cadence sweet!

Then might I laud your graces all
In softest note that flows
When thrushes trill and cuckoos call,
My modest little Rose!

THE BROOK

BUBBLE and bubble, little spring,
From thy hidden fountain,
Cool, fresh and pure thy waters fling
Down the darksome mountain.

Clear as the ether of the air,
Sweet as the morning dew,
Refreshing now the lilies fair,
And now the weeping yew—

Babble and babble, little brook,
O'er golden sand and pebble,
The bird, within her leafy nook,
Dwells on thy silvery treble.

Like childhood, playing on the bank
Of Life's treacherous river,
Forewarned to shun its waters dank
While romping hither-thither,—

Cradled in thy channel narrow
Thou flowest on in glee—
Free from all the gales that harrow
The waters of the sea.

Sparkle and sparkle, crystal rill,
And let thy wavelets shine,
Not long 'twill be, I ween, until
They mix with ocean's brine.

Like thee, clear stream, are childhood's joys,
Flowing from out life's vein,
As pure, as sweet, till sin decoys
Towards sorrow's troubled main.

Then well and dwell, O Purity,
Within my heart and soul;
For without thee, no surety
Have I of Heaven's goal!

THOUGHTS ON VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

METHINKS I hear the murmurings deep
And view the dreadful force,
As belching from thy crater steep,
The molten rivers roar and leap,
And sear their sinuous course.

Through peaceful vineyards at thy base
Or villas on thy breast
The fiery tides creep on apace,—
And naught now marks man's dwelling place
But ashes from thy crest.

Thine awful lavas creep along
Through olive grove and farm,
Chanting loud an infernal song
Of mocking fate and cruel wrong
And desolating arm.

Mantling far towards the sea
Where Naples peaceful lies
Away beyond thy dreadful lee,—
Her trembling people fear to see
Thy fiery threatening skies.

Most dreaded mount in story told,
  Crowned by fiery light,
Through all the centuries that have rolled
Since Herculaneum's streets of old
  Were blotted from earth's sight!

Whene'er I gaze on thee, I muse
  On life's transient hour,—
Then most it seems like vanishing dews,
Or like the fading rainbow hues
  Born of the passing shower.

So doth it seem, the soul within
  Our mortal forms of clay
Threatened by Stygian streams of sin,
Must burst the walls that hem it in,
  And heavenward soar away.

THE LILAC'S BLOOM.

TO May is true the lilac's bloom,
Its purple petals grow
And shed their deep and rich perfume
While balmy breezes blow.

Festooned around the cottage door,
Or bowing 'neath the eaves,
Its scented-laden clusters lower
To cheer the heart that grieves

For a beloved one, claimed by death,
Since last the lilac's flower
Exhaled its sweet Elysian breath
From out its leafy bower.

Goddess of perennial birth!
Reminder of Time's flight!
Death stalks across the peaceful hearth,
As searing winds do blight

The purple-tinted flower-cell
That to thy tendril clings,
And dry the nectar in its well,
The perfume off its wings.

Then modest lilac, bow and blow
  And bear thy blossoms gay,—
Grim Death must reap where Life doth sow,
  As night must follow day.

Strangest of metaphors, yet true,
  "We die that we may live,"
As blossoms, moistened by the dew,
  Their richest fragrance give

While scorching rays are beating down
  Ripening seeds of gold,
That, when Death dons his sombre crown
  Will drop into the mould

To germinate in early spring
  From out their erstwhile tomb,
And round her Eden once more fling
  The fragrance of their bloom.

THE REASON WHY.

WHEN'ER I sing my lady's charms,
Compare her to the lily,
She shyly turns her shapely head,
And softly whispers, "Silly!"

Constrained to dwell on deeper themes
And leave my lady out,
I notice that it always means
A little fret or pout.

Thus is it, why I keep alive
Through all the years of care
The Muse, which sings of Love's bright eyes,
To charm my lady fair.

THE BEE.

INDUSTRIOUS bee, thou bring'st to me
Thoughts which no tongue can tell,
While flitting free over flowery lea,
Tasting each honeyed cell.

Velvety insect, gaily bedecked
In black and brown and gold,
Thy nimble feet with the pollen flecked,
Enter each floral fold,

And make fertile the fragrant myrtle,
The violet, and the rose;
As in their busy rounds they girtle
Every bloom that blows.

Humming blithe where the meadow lieth,
And bright the sunbeam dwells,
While the zephyr softly sigheth
Over the lily-bells,—

Their sweetest treasure, at thy pleasure,
Surrendered unto thee;
I feel that how I cannot measure
Thy happiness, O bee!

Then hum, and sing, and the nectar bring
For all dear insect gay;
Thou over my heart a spell dost fling,
Mysterious is thy way!

LIFE.

UNTO the seasons of the year
Does our brief life compare;
From cot and cradle to the bier,
Childhood to hoary hair,

Is as bright springtime's balmy breeze
Succeeds to winter's blast;
Or like as summer's leafy trees
Their verdure quickly cast.

'Tis thus from infancy to age
Life's tenure swiftly flies,
So soon its story's open page
Before its Maker lies.

Just as Old Winter's shroud is rent
By gentle airs of Spring;
Or as Queen Summer's charms relent
To Autumn's golden king;

Thus do we pass from shore to shore,
Await the Quickening Breath,
That shall dispel forevermore
The frigid snows of death.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN Francisco lies asleep
Just before daybreak;
Scarcely yet the sunbeams peep
O'er the Rockies, towering steep,
When bursts that fearful quake.

Her cradle, rocked by unseen force,
Swayeth to and fro,
As if old Earth had changed her course,
While threatenings, loud, and long, and hoarse,
From out her bosom flow.

Her children, startled from their dreams,
Wake in fright, and flee,
While through her streets shoot lurid gleams,
As red the conflagration streams
Its light far out to sea.

From roof to dome, or mounting higher
Soars the firebrand,
Wreaking wanton vengeance dire,
Kindling high his funeral pyre
By morning breezes fanned.

And when old Sol looks o'er the peaks,
  On this fateful morn,
To where the ruined city reeks
'Neath smoky pall, with crimson streaks,
  Down by the Golden Horn,

He, wondering, thinks if such is fate
  Of man, for death made,
Who enters through the Golden Gate
What time his works both small and great
  Have in the dust been laid.

ODE TO POETRY.

MY charming maid, I love thee well,
To sit alone with thee
And listen while thy tongue doth tell
True love—is ecstacy!

Some hidden treasure every night
Thy heart unfolds for me,
Some gleam of hope or ray of light
Upon thy face I see.

Some rapturous tune that dwells within
The recess of the heart
Thou play'st upon thy mandolin
Each eve before we part.

O may I with thee fondly linger,
Sweet maiden chaste and fair,
And place a diamond on thy finger,
A rose within thy hair!

Naught but thy troth can pacify
The spells that o'er me roll;
And only love can satisfy
The passions of my soul.

Then maiden coy and wondrous fair,
Canst thou my suit deny,
When sung in Love's most witching air
And words that cannot die?

THE BREEZES.

THE breezes of morn
Fling their breath to the skies,
Awakened from sleep
Where the sweet heather lies.
They gambol and leap
Like children at play,
And, over the hilltops,
Soaring away,
Scatter and fling
The perfume of flowers,
Where sweetly sing
The birds in their bowers.
Then Breezes, O Breezes,
Born of the morn,
Waft to me pleasure,
But leave out her thorn!
Let the morning of life
Be happy and gay,
As sweet as your breath,
If brief as your day.

The breezes of noon
Are hot as they fly
Across the crushed heather,
Where, withered, flowers lie.

Like men in their strength,
No tears do they shed
Over the meadows
Where daisies lie dead.
But scatter and blow
The sun's fiercest rays,
Which merciless glow
On the broad mountain braes.
Then Breezes, O Breezes,
Hottest at noon,
Bring to me strength,
And health's blessed boon!
Let the noontide of life
Be free from despair,
While respite I seek
From its withering glare.

Soft breezes of eve,
That blandly blow
When the hot day is o'er
And the sun sinks low,—
Lulling to sleep
The flower and the bee
That swing in your cradle
The sweet scented lea;
Where the heather lies low
All withered in death

Scatter and sow
The balm of your breath!
Then Breezes, O Breezes,
Of calm eventide,
When death's shadows deepen
With me abide!
Let the evening of life
Hope's bright star adorn
While waiting the break
Of Glory's bright morn.

A JUNE NIGHT.

LET others sing of June's day bright,
And praise her beauty fair;
I will sing of her sister, night,
With diamonds in her hair.

Tell of this pensive sweet brunette
Clad in her spangled gown,
Her lover's path by dew-drops wet,
Her eyes are weeping down.

She gently steals out o'er the lawn
Where every eve I sit
And wait until her curtain's drawn
And starry tapers lit.

Each hour I seek her lonely heart
To cheer by love's sweet tune,
While like to Cupid's gilded dart,
Shy glances from the moon

Pierce the dark forest's silent glade
Where shadows chase the light,
While in her hammock swings my maid,
Charming, beauteous night!

Her raven hair tressed o'er her brow
  In meshes fair to see
She hearkens to the night-owl's vow
  Of love's fidelity.

The cricket cheerily chirps below,
  The rills ring down the steeps,
The firefly flitting to and fro
  His virgin's vigil keeps

Till, rising, the sun shoots his arrows on high
  And wakens the breezes of morn,
And the last whip-poor-will drops down from the sky
  And ceases his matins forlorn,—

Then gathering her mantle and hieing away
  Towards the sleeping west,
She yieldeth her crown to victorious day
  And calmly sinks to rest.

THE PASSING OF THE SEASONS.

KING Winter stern his sceptre hath
Surrendered to fair Spring;
No more do brake and forest path
Know his white snowy wing.

From bondage free, the rills and brooks
Now murmur on their way;
While sweetly from the forest nooks
Pours forth the joyful lay

Of gladsome exiles, just returned
From many a distant shore,
By Winter's angry legions spurned,—
To claim their own once more.

On hill, in dell, by lake and stream,
Down valley and through glen,
Dame Nature's children wake to dream
Of Summer's joys again;

Till o'er her fields of ripening grain,
Green woods, and flowering lea,
Bleak Autumn's whirlwinds come again,
And all her tenants flee

Before the storm king's hail and sleet
And fast increasing power;
Ere his white mantle's winding sheet
Shall cover glade and bower

Must warbling dwellers of the wild,
Fair creatures of a day,
Seek sunnier climes and seasons mild
While Winter's hosts hold sway.

So is the passing of our life
From cradle to the bier,
O'er-swept by Passion's angry strife,—
Like seasons of the year.

From youth's Springtime we hasten fast
To Summer's golden prime;
Soon middle age's Autumn blast
Heralds old Winter's rime

When hoary heads and tottering feet,
Lingering near the bier,
Long only for its safe retreat,
Death's bugle call to hear,—

Well knowing that for them once more
Shall breathe Eternal Spring,
When on angelic wings they soar
To greet their Heavenly King.

CHARITY.

SWEET Charity! fair maid divine,
Kind, unassuming, pure,—
Within thy heart all graces shine,
Thy footsteps ever lure
Poor sinners from the brink of woe,
And save them from the fall,
Whilst thou, in modesty, dost throw
Thy mantle over all

Concealing faults they fain would shield,—
While yielding to thy wand
Their secrets by thy lips are sealed
As in a sacred bond.
Then Charity! sweet maid, be blest,
On Mercy's errands bent,
To hide within thy humble breast
Thy works of love, content.

WINTER.

WINTER, tyrant of the North,
Lord of the Arctic seas,
Where silence reigns
O'er icy plains—
Lets loose his blustering breeze.

Summoned by his bugle blast
From out their eyries bleak,
His harpies wake
Their plumes to shake,
And southern regions seek.

Like a shadow in the air,
Or falcon from the sky,
They grasp their prey
On hill and brae,
And Nature's children die.

Now the aster in the field,
On hill the golden-rod,
Touched by his breath
Must fall to death
Beneath the emerald sod.

Soon the rills and rivers, free,
Hastening on their way,
Must feel his grasp
And icy clasp,
And all their waters stay.

Soon the dwellers in the wood
Will take alarm, and flee
Their summer home,
Afar to roam
In lands beyond the sea.

While o'er hill, and dale, and bower,
His winding sheet of snow
Is gently laid
On flower and blade
Till Spring's zephyrs blow.

So comes to each mortal soul
A darkening winter day,
When passions sweep,
And sorrows steep,
And Grim Despair holds sway;

Only to retreat again
Before Hope's rising sun—
At morning break
Our souls awake
To life afresh begun.

OFT UNDER STARRY SKY.

OFT under starry sky,
In silence of the night,
When silver orbs are riding high,
Shedding their mellow light

Within the forest brake,
Across the mountain crest,—
While, mirrored in the crystal lake,
The constellations rest,—

I wander forth to gaze
On Nature fast asleep,
Or paddle through the filmy haze
That floats above the deep.

No sound disturbs that hour,
No song in welkin rings,
Yet to my heart the silent bower
A rapturous pleasure brings;

As resting 'neath its shade,
Or floating with the tide,
Or wandering through the moonlit glade
Where phantom shadows hide,

Methinks the dews from heaven
  Filtering through the air,
Like soothing balm, so freely given
  To Nature's children fair,

Tell of a power divine
  That thrills the hearts of men,
As dew-drops on the drooping vine
  Revive its leaves again;

Tell of a God of grace
  Who guards His children all,
And o'er each trusting upturned face
  Lets dews of mercy fall.

Thus under starry sky,
  In silence of the night,
Then most I feel that God is nigh,
  And clearer Heaven's light.

WHEN THE SANDS OF LIFE ARE SINKING.

(A HYMN)

WHEN the sands of life are sinking,
And when the gloaming nears,
It is then, oh then, I'm thinking
Upon my hopes and fears.

Will my soul be filled with rapture
At sight of Gates Ajar?
And will its earthly departure
Across the Harbor Bar

Lighted be by Mercy's candle,
While soaring through the air?
Will it wear Redemption's sandal
To greet its Maker there?

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

THE flowers of May are sweet to-day
And fair to look upon,
Warmed by sunbeams, gaily they
Their brightest colors don.

Like to a bride, glad in her pride
Of love and beauty born,
To whom no favor is denied
Upon her nuptial morn,

They blossom out, while songsters shout
Their greetings from the spray,
And all day long doth fly about
And hum his merry lay—

The humble bee, right glad to see
Sheltered beneath the bower,
Or waving on the sunny lea
His fair and frail May flower.

The nectar sweet his dainty meat
He pilfers from her cells,
While flitting free on winglets fleet
Where she in dingle dwells.

The flowers of May June's hot winds slay
And blight their bloom in death,
And then with reverence bear away
Their white plumes on their breath,

In earth to hide, and there to bide
The coming of sweet spring,
When Dandelion greets his bride
Again while robins sing.

Methinks the round of flowering ground
Emblem of man's brief day,
When ills beset and cares abound
He dies and hies away

To live once more on farther shore
Where blooms Eternal Spring,
Where all the trials of earth are o'er,
And ministering angels sing.

THE UNION JACK.

THE Union Jack that floats on high
From many a mast and peak,
Unfurled to breezes of the sky,
Of Liberty doth speak.

Its colors three, that brightly gleam,
Spell Valor, Honor, Truth,—
Where'er its banners proudly stream
The wide world o'er forsooth!

From Arctic to Antarctic pole,
This mundane sphere around,
Wherever waves of ocean roll
Its fiery cross is found

Proclaiming Britain's mighty power,
And girdling empire vast,
It proudly floats from spar and tower
While centuries hurry past.

As in the days of long ago
When jealous foes beset
But failed her throne to overthrow—
Her ensign waveth yet.

Since the Armada, pride of Spain,
Aspired to rule the seas,
O'er many a bloody sea and plain
Has floated in the breeze

The flag, which doth Oppression scorn,
And Tyranny put down,
And proudly Victory's brows adorn
With Glory's burnished crown;

Which flew, when Nelson, without fear,
The lurking foe to meet,
Did bravely enter Aboukir
With his victorious fleet;

Which soared on high with victory flushed
As closed that awful day,
When Napoleon's pride was crushed
In Waterloo's dread fray;

Which waved when he, at England's feet
Her mercies to implore,
Her haughty flag did humbly greet
On Saint Helena's shore.

Then fly and flaunt thy colors three,—
The red, the white, the blue,—
Emblem of might and liberty,
To thee I'm always true!

All Britons free, where'er they roam,
Must ever welcome back
The flag which speaks to them of home,
Their glorious Union Jack.

POESY'S SONG.

THE lightning leapeth from the cloud,
It strikes—I know not where;
Reverberating long and loud
The thunder dies in air.

A flood let loose from mountain side
Rusheth a-down the valley,
Perhaps it spreads destruction wide,
Perchance in streams that sally

Across the parched and arid plain—
The dry unfertile land
It makes to grow the golden grain
Where once was sterile sand.

The dewdrops, falling in the night
Upon both flower and weed,
Save from death's all-withering blight—
And, both alike, must feed.

The winds, that waken with the morn
Will they their soft lute blow
All day, or sound the tempest's horn
Before eve, who can know?

The clouds that gather up on high
May hide the glowing sun,
Or melt in ether of the sky
Before the day is done.

But verses sung by Poesy wise,
Inscribed on deathless page,
Embalmed in song that never dies,
Live on from age to age

Inspiring hope in fainting hearts,
Instilling love therein,
They shoot truth's bright, exhaustless darts
At citadels of sin,

Until some weary soul repents,
Surrenders to the call
Of an All-Gracious Providence
Who overruleth all.

A SONG OF HOPE.

WHEN cares beset and sorrows shroud
And dreary seems thy way,
Fear not—behind the darkest cloud
There lurks the brightest ray.

After the winter comes the spring,
After the night, the morn,—
Bleak showers the flowers of Maytime bring,
The wild woods to adorn.

Upon the blackest mould do grow
The whitest lily-bells;
And from the darkest caverns flow
The purest, sweetest wells.

Warm sunshine ever follows shade,
And day succeedeth night;
The dews, reviving flower and blade,
Are born not of the light.

Pray therefore let not dark despair
O'ershadow life's pathway,
To-morrow may be bright and fair
If gloomy be to-day.

All those enduring to the end
Are pledged God's promise true
That, when Death's angel doth descend,
They'll rank His chosen few.

THE MOSS-HIDDEN FOUNT

Or, Life Like a River

THE moss-hidden fount by the side of the way,
Dispensing sweet freshness the long summer day,
Through the heat and the dust and the glare of noon,—
Its waters, beneath the green herbage, immune
From sedge and pollution that wait them below
As onward through valley and moorland they flow
To join the broad river on its course to the sea—
Is an emblem of life from the slime of sin free.
Like youth, unacquainted with sorrow and care,
It trickles and ripples as free as the air,
Till the tide of temptation doth lead it to stray
Where the vast plains seem bright, and the great cities gay;
Till polluted with sewage it sobs 'neath the quay,
Or stagnates in marshes by the broad briny sea
Where, lashed by the breakers and ebbed by the tide,
It loses itself in the great ocean wide:
Its sediment sinks to the depths of the sea,
Once more it is pure and again it is free!
Thus life like a river meanders and flows,
And ever, as nearer its mouth, purer grows—
Until caught by the tide of Heaven's clear sea,
And mingled with the waves of eternity.

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

AT midnight when deep silence
On earth has settled down,
And the radiant queen of dreamland
Has donned her starry crown,—

When Luna pale, resplendent,
Doth mount her silvery stair
To gaze in silent wonderment
On Terra's bosom fair,

Whose broad expanse of ocean,
Lake, and mighty river,
And towering mountain ranges
Breathe of God forever,—

When all is calm and silent
Around me in the night,
I realize man's impotence
And God's all-glorious might.

Man, like the coral insect,
Slow building cell by cell,
May make his little dome to rise
Above the ocean swell.

Soon its base by breakers lashed
Must crumble and decay,
And o'er the ruins of its walls
The waves of ocean play.

Not so with our Maker's works—
Earth, sun, and moon, and stars;
Nor time, nor raging flood, nor fire
His universe e'er mars.

The sun his bright chariot rides
Each day across the sky,
And nightly do the Pleiades
Their lanterns hang on high.

Since the world was fresh and young
The moon her course has run,
About her parent earth revolved
While circling round the sun.

God, who loveth all His works,
Doth oversee them all;
Without His knowledge to the earth
May not a sparrow fall.

God is beauty, power and love,—
Himself, infinity!
When earth and sky are rolled away
God is eternity!

DOWN BY THE RIPPLING RIVER,
Or, A Story of Love

DOWN by the rippling river
Whose sandy shallows shine,
Where weeping willows quiver,
I sit with Madeline;

And whisper love's sweet story
Within her pearly ear,—
Under the hawthorn hoary
In Maytime of the year.

Alone we stroll together
Beneath the shady trees,
Or ramble through the heather
Where plays the perfumed breeze.

Beneath the church's chancel
I stand with Madeline,
For she, sweet demure damsel,
Has promised to be mine.

We listen to the service
Uniting loving hearts,
Perhaps a little nervous
Awhile the parson starts.

And now there comes the blessing
And we two are as one,
Each other love professing
Until life's journey's done.

Beside a death-bed, sighing
I kneel with Madeline,—
For May, our child, lies dying
When frost is on the vine.

And now the burial over,
The mourners gone away,
We feel that bleak October
Succeedeth sunny May.

But yet true love, as ever,
Is warm within our hearts;
The bleaker path, together,
We'll journey till death parts.

Our locks are thin and hoary,
Our footsteps weak and slow,
Yet murmuring love's sweet story
On to the end we go.

Asleep within her casket,
I weep o'er Madeline—
And though 'tis wrong to ask it,
I pray that hers were mine.

For now she's gone to glory
And I am left alone
To finish life's short story
And sleep beneath the stone

Till, by the crystal river
Where lights of Heaven shine,
I wake to live forever
With May and Madeline.

A SONG OF THE REDEEMER.

(A HYMN)

WHO is it that walks on the waves of the sea,
And 'stilleth the turbulent breaker
Of sorrow's tempestuous, deep Galilee—
But Jesus, our Saviour and Maker.

Who is it that ferries the pilgrim footsore
Across Jordan's dark, rolling river
Of death—and lands him safe on Heaven's bright shore,—
But Jesus, the Master forever.

Who is it, while hanging on Calvary's mount,
In the last throes of death a-groaning,—
Sheddeth freely for all the life-giving fount
Of His blood, for sinners atoning.

Who, nailed to the tree, bows His head, groans, and dies,
And is borne away to death's prison,
But after three days doth ascend to the skies—
Our crucified Saviour arisen.

'Tis Jesus of Nazereth, now passing by,
Who haileth of sin the red streamer,
And whispers to thee and to me, "Crucify
Not again thy Lord and Redeemer."

A PICTURE OF AUTUMN.

SOFT as the vernal airs of May
Fair Autumn's breezes whirl;
While in her tinted forests play
The rabbit and the squirrel.
The leaves are dropping everywhere
From trees, in silence shed;
And o'er the green old earth with care
They spread a cozy bed.

The wrens sit twittering on the spray,
The swallows skim the lake;
And through the quiet, dreamy day,
Sing blue-jays in the brake.
The brook its silvery course pursues
A-down the gilded glen;
And, through the haze, the crimson hues
Of Sol, loom forth again.

The blooms from hill and dale are gone,
And from the hedge, the rose;
Where once their smiling blossoms shone,
But shattered stems repose.
The bee flits to and fro, in vain
Seeking for honey-cells,—
And hums his low, farewell refrain
Through summer's desert dells.

Thus cometh to the mortal soul
  An *autumn* day in life,
When blighting blasts from age's pole
  Portend the end of strife.
Take heart, O weary one, take heart!
  When sorrow's whirlwinds cease,
And stern death's frigid snows depart,
  Shall dawn Eternal Peace.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

(Lines suggested through certain agitation for spelling reform.)

LOVED language sweet, whose rhythm flows
As gently as the water—
Like to the sturdy oak that grows,
Stand firm, Britannia's daughter!
The garbling ghouls, that fain would strip
And rob thee of thy beauty,
Deserve from scornful Satire's lip
Reproach for breach of duty.

Fair Saxon bride, upreared with care,
Assert chaste womanhood;
Bid thy despoilers, "Halt—Beware!"
And cease their rapine rude.
Through all the centuries that have flown
Since Gael and Norseman met,
And set up Britain's world-wide throne—
Thou'rt pure, unravished yet.

The seers and bards of days long past
Shall rise up in their might,
And nail thy colors to the mast,
And for thine honor fight,
A Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, or Scott,
A Cowper, Spenser, Moore,
Designed thy garb with garlands fraught,
And filled thy heart with lore.

Beloved queen, within whose veins
  Teutonic blood doth flow,
Reared safely on our gory plains,
  Through wars of long ago!
Thy glorious sceptre condescend
  To yield not to thy foes,
Nor sap the oak that scorns to *bend*,
  But through the ages *grows*.

Wherever thy "Birds of Fame" may fly,
  Drop Wisdom's golden seeds,
Through History's centuries hastening by,
  Immune from noxious weeds
Keep thou thy lexicon—'gainst ghouls
  Pray guard the pages long,
Wherein enshrined lie priceless jewels
  From prose—and Poesy's song.

A DREAM OF SPRING.

THE shrubs and trees on hill, in glen,
Put forth their leaves and bloom again,
While now do fondly wander
Beneath the shade or through the glade
The swain and maid on Love's parade,—
And Cupid's problems ponder.

O'er field and fallow, lake and fen
The swift-winged swallow soars again—
A creature of the air—
While on the sprays the gay blue-jays
Their lovelorn lays and songs of praise
Are singing everywhere.

For now at last, the mossy earth,
The winter past, looks forth in mirth,
While all her children cry,—
"O mother dear! another year
Of doubt and fear, of hope and cheer,
Is quickly passing by."

O budding Youth! on pleasure bent,
Pray heed this truth, grasp its intent
While Life's spring swiftly flies;—
Improve the mind and Wisdom find,
Lest Folly blind with blighting wind
Sweet Hope's light in thine eyes.

THE BARQUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE barque of Friendship sail with care
O'er Life's tempestuous seas;
Of Envy's hidden rocks beware,
And Passion's luffing breeze.
Only a word in anger spoken
May snap the golden chain
Of Faith, her anchor, which once broken,
We seldom can regain.

O Skipper Love! stand by the helm
And guide her course aright,
Lest Hatred's billows dark o'erwhelm
And sink her in the night.
If her masthead keep showing clear
Thy white light ever true—
When gales are high and skies are drear
She'll ride the tempest through.

'TIS JESUS OUR SAVIOUR.

(A HYMN)

'TIS Jesus our Saviour, who died on the cross,
Reckoning His life and His kingdom no loss,
To set man from death's bondage free—
Who calleth to-night, while the dark billows toss,
"Thy sinking barque light of sin's cargo of dross,
And quickly she'll aright and bear thee across
The waves of life's deep Galilee."

'Tis Jesus our Saviour, in Gethsemane
Beseeching forgiveness for you and for me,—
Betrayed by the Judas of sin—
Who prayeth the Father our souls to set free,
And all His lambs gather on Eden's blest lea,
To sacrifice, rather than deny this plea,
His own Son—lost sinners to win.

'Tis Jesus our Saviour, who 'throned in the skies,
To poor sinners repentant never denies
The grace of His bountiful care—
Who guideth our feet while this life swiftly flies,
Ever waits us to greet where Heaven's domes rise
On the golden street, whence the light never dies
From the Sun of Righteousness there.

THE BROKEN CIRCLE.

O WELL do I remember
The circle when unbroken,
Every beloved member
Around the dear old hearthstone;
All its cheery fires a-light,
And the lamps a-burning bright,
In the days long past and flown.

My dear old parents' faces
I behold as yesterday,
Aglow with kindly graces
As our vesper prayers they led;
Or sang sweetest lullabys
To gently soothe our tired eyes
To sleep in our cozy bed.

Grim Death first called for brother,
The tenderest of the flock,—
The blow to father, mother,
Surely made their hearts to sink;
Yet they bore affliction's goad,
Nor fainted beneath her load,
Despite love's first broken link.

But again the Reaper came
And dear mother went away,
And our home was ne'er the same
For the cherished vacant chair,
Though in its accustomed place,
Memory would not efface
Of the loved one absent there.

At last poor father, weary
Of wandering, left us too;
The hearthstone once so cheery
Became but a thought of yore,
With affection's fires burned out
And the embers strewn about
This world's bleak and nether shore.

And now dear sister, brother,
At the parting of life's ways,
Cherish for one another
Love born of parental prayer,—
For then, when Gabriel's blast
Calls us Home again at last,
There will be no parting there.

THE BURIAL.

THE sad church bell has tolled its note,
Pealed forth a last farewell,
Out on the stilly air doth float
Its dying, quavering knell.
The mourners now with solemn tread
Return to earth once more
The ashes, whence the soul has fled
To Jordan's farther shore.

Now, "earth to earth and dust to dust,"
The sexton plies his spade,
The bearers to the grave entrust
The body for death made,—
And stand with bared heads around
While the parson breathes a prayer,
Not for the sleeper 'neath the mound,
But the living gathered there.

And now, when all is o'er at last,
The parting rites bestowed,
The Future veiled, the buried Past
Know but one common road,
That leads to man's last resting place
This side of Jordan's river,
Wherein, awhile, in death's embrace
He sleeps—but not forever.

His crumbled clay shall wake once more
  Upon the Judgment Day,
When earth and sea their dead give o'er,
  And skies are rolled away,—
And share with the Eternal One—
  From death and bondage free
Set by the Father through the Son—
  Blest immortality.

TOOTSIE

Or, The Summer Girl.

TOOTSIE in the summer time,
Is the subject of my rhyme.

Tootsie's charms I can't deny,
She's the apple of my eye.

Gentle as the turtle dove,
Tootsie is a bunch of love.

Dreaming in the woodland glade,
She's a fair and charming maid.

Or, softly clad in airy lawn,
Reclining on the beach at dawn,

She watches whitecaps in their play
Fling at her dainty feet soft spray—

Like to suitors for her hand,
Circling round her on the sand.

But when summer days are o'er,
Tootsie is a dream of yore—

Vanished from her lovers all
When the leaves begin to fall.

They shall look for her in vain
Till the summer comes again.

MEMORY'S TOWER.

FAR from Care's crowded thoroughfare
I hie myself an hour
To spend with sweet Reflection, where
In Memory's ancient tower,
Within a niche of its green walls
Of ivy-mantled stone,
I listen, while this maid recalls
Youth's happy days long flown.

She prompts me to restore with care
The halls where childhood sang,
And on their walls, now moldering there,
Bright pictures to re-hang.
The white stone cottage on the hill,
The pond beyond the meadow,
The shady wood, the rippling rill,
Silhouettes in the shadow

Of Memory's fires that light the gloom
Of Life's declining years,
And reflect on its marble tomb
Till Glory's sun appears
And bathes the slabs, that stand above
Our mortal, crumbled clay,
In brighter light of Mercy's love,
As dawns the Perfect Day.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN'S a realm of pure delight
Where saints immortal dwell;
It knows not sorrow's darkening night,
Nor parting's sad farewell.
A land where death is never known,
Where ministering angels praise
The mercies of God's gracious throne,
Through endless, happy days.

I AM SO GLAD THAT JESUS CAME.

(A HYMN)

I AM so glad that Jesus came
To wash my sins away,
And heal the sick, the blind, the lame,
And point the narrow way.

I am so glad my heart does cry,
"Dear Jesus, enter in!"
For He alone can satisfy
And cleanse it from all sin.

I am so glad my Saviour died
On Calvary's mount for me,
And that His plea was undenied
In lone Gethsemane.

I am so glad His precious blood
Has made me whole again,
And that its pure, all-cleansing flood
Can wash away sin's stain.

I am so glad Christ sets me free
And that my soul can sing,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

ODE TO CANADA.

YOUR skies are blue and fair to see,
My own dear, native land;
Canada, home of Liberty,
Long ruled by Peace's wand.
Kind Plenty sows with bounteous hand
Your fields and farms prolific,
That reach from fair Acadia's strand
To the far-off Pacific.

Your ocean lakes and rivers great
Teem with Prosperity's
Swift barges, laden with the freight
From busy industries—
Established by your people free,
Unhampered by the reins
Of Despotism's tyranny,
Or Slavery's cruel chains.

Your grand old forests dark and deep
Hide stores of untold wealth;
While o'er your glorious landscapes sweep
The bracing winds of health.
Your fertile prairies stretch and roll
To the Arctic's farthest shore,
For flocking thousands now the goal
With room for millions more.

O long may Peace and Plenty reign
O'er your Dominion bright,
Immune from War's dark bloody stain,
And Pestilence's blight!
To Britain's crown pray long belong,
Allegiance never sever,
Loyal, as your loved immortal song,
"The Maple Leaf Forever."

I AM DREAMING OF THEE.

I AM dreaming of thee, Dear Love,
A-wearing my life away,
Waiting for sweet Rest's turtle dove
To nest on my breast some day.
Waiting and watching and weeping,
I have lingered here alone,
Since thou, in thy coffin sleeping,
Left me for the Great Unknown.

But cheered by blest Hope that gladdens
And ever revives again,
I'll carry the grief that saddens
Down the narrow path of pain.
And then, when Death's dark vale is passed
And these mortal days have flown,
Joyful, Dear Love, again at last,
We'll meet in the Great Unknown.

ARBITRATION VERSUS WAR.

(Lines suggested through the efforts of the International Arbitration and Peace Congress to have matters in dispute between nations referred to an arbitration tribunal for settlement, instead of resorting to war.)

GO gather up War's grim munitions,
To dark ages of savagery,
Let civilization's traditions
Relegate the battle's array.
No longer is such a condition
To settle a nation's dispute,
Or to gratify vain Ambition,
Upheld in fair Honor's repute.

Away with its pillage and plunder,
Away with its fire and its sword,
Rend all its red banners asunder,
And banish its murderous horde.
Away with the pain and the sorrow,
Away with the harrowing tale,
The anguish that comes on the morrow
In the wake of its blood-stained trail.

Give welcome to blest Arbitration
To settle each nation's affair,
And Peace's grand armies now station
On the wide camping grounds of Care.
Then away with the empty splendour
Of its train and its pageant car,
To Peace and Good Will we'll surrender
The panoply gory of War.

MY SOUL A DERELICT.

(A HYMN)

MY soul, a derelict on Sin's stormy sea,
Temptation's winds drift here and there,
Rudderless, anchorless and dismantled, she
Is tossed on the waves of Despair.

My soul, a staunch life-boat manned by her brave crew,
And propelled by Purity's oar,
With Faith at the helm, will surely pull through
Guilt's surf, beating high on Life's shore.

My soul, a great ship safely riding at rest
In the roadstead of Peace near Land,
Waits calmly Doubt's clouds to break 'way in the West,
And Mercy's kind piloting hand.

To take her course over Death's drear, dreaded bar
To Heaven's bright shore of Delight,
Where the Sun of Righteousness shines from afar,
And Day never changes to Night.

A SONG OF THE SNOW.

THE snow is lightly falling
Down from the heavens bright,
Its soft wings gently palling
The brown old earth in white.

The snow is darkly drifting
'Cross winter's sky of gray,
Anon the dense clouds lifting,
Reveal the sun's bright ray.

The snow is deeply piling
Above the frozen plain—
Below, the hours beguiling,
Sleeps warmth that wakes again

The germs that safely hidden
Within the cold, damp ground—
Of flowers that spring unbidden
To deck the grassy mound.

Always the breezes vernal
Dissolve the winter snows,
And from the budding kernel
Evolve the blown rose.

And 'neath the snow, the mosses
  Are greenest in the spring;
While ever round life's crosses
  Our holier memories cling.

Thus ever snows of sorrow,
  That through this life are flying,
Are tempered on the morrow
  By God's love underlying.

I STROLLED ACROSS THE MEADOW.

I STROLLED across the meadow
Just at the break of day,
While fainter grew the shadow
And higher beamed the ray;
When dewdrops glistened brightly
Upon the clover bloom,
And morning breezes lightly
Caught up its sweet perfume.

I strolled across the meadow
At sultry noontide high,
When neither dew nor shadow
Fell from the fiery sky;
All withered lay the clover
Where once it smiled in bloom,
The ground it wavered over
Was now its silent tomb.

I strolled across the meadow
As fell the shades of night,
When darker grew the shadow
And clearer starry light.
The winds were softly weeping,
Where dead the clover lay,
And in their tears were steeping
Its stems now seared and gray.

'Tis thus in light and shadow
  Our brief lives swiftly fly,
Like clover of the meadow
  We fade and quickly die.
So soon Grim Death, the Reaper,
  With sickle lays us low,
Yet, as the shades grow deeper,
  God's mercies freer flow.

THE ARCTIC POLE.

THE Arctic Pole is a mystical goal
That many have tried to win,
With its snowy seas o'erswept by the breeze,
And shut by the icebergs in.

O long has it stood with its icy hood
In the midst of Winter's clime,
Planted 'mong floes where the sun feebly glows,
And slow are the wheels of Time!

The celestial Bear smiles down from his lair
Afar in the northern sky,
On the regions where his earthly confrere
Among ice must live and die.

The vast floey shoal surrounding the pole,
The heritage of his kin;
By its unknown ports the walrus disports,
And the whale goes sailing in.

Rent asunder by Frost's awful thunder,
The icebergs hasten to flee,
And steal through straits past their white crystal gates,
Away to the open sea.

Upheld in the vise of eternal ice
The Arctic pole cannot fall;
While Aurora glows and Boreas blows,
'Twill defy e'en fiery Sol.

Explorers galore have sought out its shore,
And have braved its frozen plain;
The isles of its seas their Hesperides,
But they all have sought in vain.

Tempests sounded a knell while brave men fell,
A-striving its mast to find,—
Lost in the aisles of the icy defiles,
With not a trace left behind.

Old Borealis rises to hail us
From off his silvery throne,
While Ursa above still looks down in love
On those regions dark, unknown.

Honor to Franklin, Peary and Nansen,
All who brave the Arctic snow,
And round each name fan the halo of Fame,
While the Arctic winds do blow.

MY SWEET CHARMING MOLLIE

Or, A Dream of Love.

MY sweet, charming Mollie,
With eyes of deep blue,
Deem not my love folly—
Or wasted on you.

Your cheeks like the roses
Just fresh in their bloom,
Your breath it discloses
The nectar's perfume!

Your smile is a glimmer
From Hope's light to me,
Before its pale shimmer
Doubt's shadows all flee.

Then sweet, smiling Mollie,
I'll ever be true
And stand 'neath the holly
A-wedded to you.

And then, when the glamour
Of youth's bloom is past,
Me still you'll enamour
Till death parts at last

Our hearts, my own Mollie,
Steadfast by my side
'Neath sprays of love's holly,
Till life's eventide.

Then, when its day's over,
And one soul has gone,
The other must hover,
Awaiting the dawn,

Till called by the Reaper,
When life's spark has flown,
To realms of bliss deeper
Where parting's unknown.

THE DEWDROP.

THE dewdrop on the withering blade,
Born in the chilly night,
For God's life-giving purpose made,
Exhaled from Heaven's light!
Epitome of purity,
Its mission well fulfilled,
It reseeks night's obscurity
Until afresh distilled!

Again upon the thirsty flower,
Soothing, at early dawn,
Pure from night's cool, refreshing bower,
Like balm it poureth on.
Seemeth to me hope's subtle power
The dewdrop's counterpart,
Reviving in trial's darkest hour
The weary, fainting heart.

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

I FAIN would sing of happy times,
As in my heart the distant chimes
Of youth's hours softly ring.

I love to dwell on life's bright dawn,
On childhood's morn now past and gone,
And list to memory swell

The music sweet of peace and joy,
Ere sin and sorrow did decoy
My wayward, wandering feet

From virtue's bower with garlands hung,
Around whose wreaths the perfume clung
From purity's sweet flower.

And now, to-night, as fades away
The twilight brief of this life's day,
I wait for Heaven's light,—

For there, God's child, from death set free,
I'll wake to all eternity,
Happy and undefiled.

ETERNITY.

(A HYMN)

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How fathomless its meaning!
When did it start,
When ends its day,
And what small part
Does gray Time play,—
Upon its staff a-leaning!

Eternity! Eternity!
Our Maker's glorious reign!
While worlds dissolve
And pass away,—
Others evolve,
Commence their day,—
Its epochs never wane.

Eternity! Eternity!
Infinity's calm sea!
Whereon shall sail
For evermore,
Safe from sin's gale,
Death's reef-bound shore,—
The blood-bought soul set free.

Eternity! Eternity!
For it, O soul, prepare!
Renounce dark sin
Before too late
To enter in
At Heaven's gate—
To dwell forever there.

TELL ME, O HEART

TELL me, O heart, if never
Is pleasure void of pain,
And are her votaries ever
Chasing a bauble vain.

Tell me, O heart, if sorrow
Doth purify the soul,
E'en if, upon the morrow,
Its billows darker roll.

Tell me, O heart, if prayer
Unburdens thee of grief,
Ameliorates dull care
And brings thee sweet relief.

Tell me, O heart, if blessing
Is sometimes in disguise,
If oft life's trials distressing
God's mercy underlies.

And to each anxious query,
Propounded in distress,—
Whispered in accents cherry,
Thou hast made answer, "Yes."

THE ASTERS.

FAIR flowers of the autumn,
The asters so gay,
In white, pink and purple
Are blooming to-day.

The summer's sweet roses
Have gone to their rest;
Asleep are the violets
On Mother Earth's breast.

The brave little daisies
Still blink here and there,
But soon must they perish
In winter's chill air.

While fireweed turns crimson
When kissed by the frost,
And silk of the bramble
In stubble lies lost,

The fair modest asters
Court old Autumn's love,
And gracefully waver
His bosom above,

Till from the clear heavens
Falls winter's cruel breath,
And all their gay petals
Are blighted in death.

So soon must we perish
When sorrow's snows fly,
And fall like the asters
'Neath death's wintry sky.

And as the fair asters
To autumn are true,
So God's mercies ever
Our pathway bestrew.

No lot is so barren,
No heart so forlorn,
That some tender floweret
Springs not to adorn.

When cometh life's autumn
And death draweth near,
Faith, hope, like the asters,
Our waning days cheer!

FLOSSIE AND I.

FLOSSIE and I the kine to call
Tripped o'er the moor at eve,
As shades of night began to fall
And soft airs gently grieve.
We both were young, and Flossie was fair,
Life like a tuneful song
To us, as we rambled free from care
The narrow trails along.
And o'er the hill and through the hollow,
When all was calm and still,
The night-hawks chased the flitting swallow,
Or mocked the whip-poor-will.

Tink-tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Ko-link, ko-lank, ko-linkle—
The kine browsed by the rill.

Flossie and I are old and gray,
Our footsteps feebler now
Than when we strolled at eve that day
Plighting love's sacred vow.
Yet Flossie to me is fair and true
As when we both were young,
And courted at eve the green meads through,
The flowery bowers among.

Still o'er the field, across the fallow,
When summer eves are fine,
We wander down the sylvan hollow
To call the browsing kine.

Ko-link, ko-lank, ko-linkle,
The cow-bells' gentle tinkle,
Recalls sweet youth's sunshine.

Flossie and I are parted now,
One morn she went on high
To dwell, where glory crowns her brow,
In mansions of the sky.
Alone I sadly walk at eve
Across the shadowy moor,
While night-hawks screech and soft airs grieve
As in the days of yore.
And slowly from the misty hollow,
Up through the dewy lea,
The kine my footsteps meekly follow,
And low in sympathy.

Ko-link, ko-lank, ko-linkle,
The cow-bells softly tinkle
Love's holier notes for me.

THE BELLE

Or, When Mona Leads the Minuet.

WHEN Mona leads the minuet,
Beaux vie with one another,
A smile from her sweet lips to get,
And claim her as a lover.

When Mona whirls around the hall
To the sweet waltz's strain,
How gracefully her footsteps fall
Beneath her queenly train!

When Mona through the grand quadrille
Trips in the merry dance,
How strangely does her soft touch thrill,
Her witching smile entrance!

When up and down and round about
She marches in cotillon,
She all her rivals puts to rout
Though they be worth a million.

When Mona smiles on me, I dream
That Cupid softly calls;
And bask beneath the sunny gleam
That from her blue eyes falls.

When Mona dances, sings or plays,
She is the favorite ever;
At balls, or concerts, or cafes,
She's lacking lovers never.

THE DAISIES.

SWEET little daisies,
Why linger here?
Is it to comfort
The dying year?
While frost, like pestilence,
Lurks in the North,
E'en then, tender daisies,
You dare peep forth.

When Winter unfurls
His banners of white,
His gray legions hurls
In strength of their might,
Against brown old Autumn
Disheartened and grave,
You blush in your beauty
And make his heart brave.

Smiling in the face
Of the angry foe,
You bow in your grace
His bright shield below;
And sleep on the breast
Of dear mother Earth,
Till in the southwest
The zephyrs take birth,

And banish the snow
From her bosom fair,
As they softly breathe
On the chilly air.

And when grim old Winter
His camp-ground forsakes,
You spring in the gardens,
Awake in the brakes.
May and December,
To both you are true,
With your hair so fair
And your eyes so blue!

THE CONDOR.

BIRD of the solitudes,
Shade in the sky,
What must your vista be
Viewed from on high!
Beneath you is spread
The glacial snow
Where peaks of the Andes
E'er glisten and glow,
Defying the power
Of fiery old Sol,
As they grandly tower
Where shadows ne'er fall.
Like giants arrayed
In helmets of snow,
They stand on parade
Deployed in a row,—
To guard your home, Condor,
Whilst you soar away
O'er caves of the thunder,
And plains of the day.

O bird of the heavens,
Shade in the sky,
Nothing on the green earth
Escapes your eye!
Down in the valley

Ten thousand yards deep
You spy out your quarry,
The meek mountain sheep.
Like a falling star
Shot out of the blue,
You drop from afar
The fleecy clouds through,
And carry aloft
On wings of the storm,
To your mountain croft
Its poor bleeding form,—
To feed your young, Condor,
That for their food cry
High in the solitudes,
Beneath the blue sky.

Great bird of the welkin,
Shadow in space,
Soaring by the portals
Of Heaven's place!
Emblem of freedom
Aloft in the blue,
Who guideth your pinions,
Your strength doth renew?
Circling the summit
Of Cotapaxi,
You stem the vomit

From his crater high—
Spectator alike
Of heaven and hell,
The visions that strike
Your gaze who can tell!
I mark your flight, Condor
A-soaring on high,
By the zenith yonder,
Bond twixt earth and sky!

SING NOT TO THE WORLD OF SORROW.

SING not to the world of sorrow,
Of which it has its share;
For joy it would rather borrow
Than multiply its care.
But sing to the world of pleasure,
Of gladness and of mirth,
And in full, unstinted measure
Pour sweetest music forth.
For the cold old world is merry
If you but take it right,
And most gladly will it carry
Your woe, unhappy wight.

AUTUMN'S FAREWELL.

SWEET little daisies
Don't go away,
Fair little asters
Linger a day.
I know I am old
And love's growing cold—
But, dear little flowers,
Stay awhile, stay.

Chic little squirrel,
Why are you mad?
Not surely because
My heart is sad!
Dear little squirrel
Chatter and whirl,
Say you're not angry—
Say you are glad.

Noisy old raven
High on the spray,
Moody old craven
Shout out your lay—
An omen, beware!
Of death and despair—
Yet do you never
My trust betray.

Silly old owl
  Chary of light,
Why with your screeching
  Disturb the night?
And pretty brown thrush
Your notes do you hush,
Because bleak winter
  Is e'en in sight?

Flowers of the field!
  Birds of the air!
Why are you leaving
  Me in despair?
My hopes are shattered,
My children scattered,
Still will I trust in
  God's tender care.

CLEMENTINE.

O CLEMENTINE, if you'll be mine
When roses bloom again,
And soft winds woo the graceful pine
That rises from the glen,—

Then, O then, sweet Clementine,
Will happiness be mine!

O Clementine, fair maid divine,
Say you'll be true to me,
And wed me when the columbine
Entwines the flowering tree.

Then, O then, fair Clementine,
Will happiness be mine!

O Clementine, dear Clementine,
I have your promise true,
To wed when blooms the jessamine,
And vernal skies are blue.

Then, O then, dear Clementine,
Will happiness be mine!

O Clementine, true Clementine,
Love's journey's nearly run,
When it shall end beneath the pine,
Where it was first begun,—

Then, O then, true Clementine,
Will bliss be thine, or mine?

FOR THEE, LOVE, I MOURN.

WHAT though the green forests
With bird voices ring,
And flowers round the meadows
Their vernal breath fling.
Although the rill murmurs
Across the sweet mead,
Where the lays of the bees
Will shortly succeed—
My heart is a desert
By sorrow's storms torn,
And life's always winter—
For thee, Love, I mourn.

What though the bright summer
The landscape adorns,
And flowers of the brier-rose
Now mantle its thorns,—
For, while the fruits ripen
And warmer tints glow,
The chill winds of sorrow
Athwart my path blow.
My journey is weary,
My heart is forlorn,
And life's one long winter,—
For thee, Love, I mourn.

What though the fair autumn
  In red and gold shines,
And soft winds at even
  Sough through the dark pines;
And yellow leaves falling
  Their bed spread of gold
In all its pale grandeur
  Above the dark mould,—
My heart still is barren,
  Of love's petals shorn,
And facing death's winter,
  Still, thee, Love, I mourn.

THE ANEMONE.

SWING on thy nimble toe,
Little anemone,
Bow to the winds that blow,
The breeze that flirts with thee.
Fair bloom of balmy June,
Sweet flower of fell and lea,
Who can thy charms impugn,
Fragrant anemone!

Frail flower of sunny lands,
Little anemone,
Mermaiden on the sands,
A-bowing to the sea!
Gaily smile and blow
Whether in rain or shine,
Who can thy beauty know
And not feel love divine!

PEACE AT EVE.

SING me a song of evening hours
When toil is put away,
A song whose notes like summer showers
The dust of turmoil lay.

Far from the sultry sun of Care,
Beneath Rest's western sky,
Protect me from its noonday glare
While winds of sweet Peace sigh.

Fair Muse of Peace and Solitude,
Pray with my heart converse
Where haggard Care dares not intrude,
While I thy songs rehearse.

Spread o'er my cot thy canopy
When fall the shades of night,
And temper at the break of day
The rays of Care's fierce light.

PRESENT THE FUNNY SIDE.

THIS queer old world is funny,
And if it be your pride
To win its praise and money,
Present the funny side.

If you fain would make a hit
And with fair Fame abide,
You must court the Muse of Wit,
Present the funny side.

If you wish to sing for gain
Pray let your measures glide
In Humor's happy vein—
Present the funny side.

The song of plaint and sorrow,
The theme of trouble's tide,
The world forgets to-morrow—
Present the funny side.

The tunes of Humor ever
It whistles far and wide,
And deems them very clever,—
Present the funny side.

For why the world is funny
And it is not denied
That they, who filch its money,
Present the funny side.

BELOVED HEART.

BELOVED heart! I'm lingering here,
The world is lone,
And life is a waste—
But, when death seems near,
Blest Hope bears me up,
And of Happiness' cup
I know that again I shall taste.

Beloved heart! 'twill not be long
Before Life breaks
In Love's melody—
And its sweeter song
Shall swell and increase,
Like an anthem of Peace,
Through the range of Eternity.

THE SENTINEL ASLEEP.

SO sound at the post of duty
The sentinel lies asleep,
While stars in their midnight beauty
Over him their vigil keep,—
And as the daybreak faintly gleams
Through the mist in the ravine,
His comrades start from troubled dreams
For the conflict's dreadful scene.

But he hears not the din of battle,
Or the shrapnel's weird lay;
He heeds not the hail and the rattle
Of the deadly musketry;
Not even the cannon's thunder,
Or the trumpet's piercing bray,
As he sleeps the blue sky under,
Disturbs his reverie.

He sees not the camp of the foeman
Outspread on the distant hills;
The shriek of the shell, like an omen
Of death, no longer fills
His ears, as he peacefully slumbers
In his uniform of gray,
For his dreams are in softer numbers
And his vision far away.

There will be no grim court-martial
  The sentence of death to give,—
For God, the Great Judge, impartial,
  Has commanded that he live.
The soldier has done his duty,
  And the lone stars softly weep,
As they gaze in morn's pale beauty
  On the sentinel *asleep*.

THE BRIER BUSH IN BLOOM.

FAIR plant your praise I fain would sing,
Inhale the rich perfume,
That June's soft breeze steals from your wing—
Sweet brier bush in bloom!

You smile beside the hawthorn hedge,
And by the old stone wall;
You spring around the forest's edge
Beneath the elms tall.

You look in at the cottage door
Some careworn heart to cheer;
A ministering angel to the poor,
Your sweetness all revere!

The four-leaved flowers your stems adorn
In fragrant beauty blush—
Is it because the prickly thorn
Grows also on your bush?

Then breathe and waft about June's bowers
Your rich and rare perfume—
Who does not love your pale, pink flowers,
Sweet brier bush in bloom!

TO ISABEL.

IF I may tell, fair Isabel,
The love I feel for thee,
And claim a kiss, life will be bliss
And sweetest poetry.

To bask awhile beneath thy smile
And share thy chaste caress,
Like peace at eve, is sweet reprieve
From care and weariness.

And whilst I court and storm the fort
Of thy untrammelled heart,
May Cupid bless with happiness
His little golden dart!

And heed my prayer that thou wilt wear
Love's fragrant rose for me,
And wed me when shall come again
The daisy and the bee!

For then must life with pleasures rife
Pass like a summer day,
And death at last alone will cast
A shadow o'er our way.

THE DANDELION.

O GAY, young knight with golden hair,
You to your love are true;
Your smiling countenance everywhere
Greets May's fair skies of blue.

Like stars that twinkle up on high
You glow both far and near,
And smile the dusty highways by,
The brakes and meadows cheer.

You swing upon your slender stem
To all the winds that blow,
Until your yellow curls by them
Are blanched as white as snow,

When silently upon the wings
Of fair May's warmer airs,
You steal away while low she sings
And whispers vesper prayers.

Hail dandelion, true to May!
Emblem of life as fair!
Whose locks are turned to silvery gray
By withering winds of care.

AN ODE TO JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

TWO sisters in your white robes furry,
Gay daughters of old Winter gray,
Delighting in the snowstorm's flurry
And the howling blast's roundelay!
Moody March to stormy December,
Every month sweet poets has had,
But few are the bards to remember
Your cold hearts—and picture you glad.

I rather would dwell on your praises,
Than over your waywardness weep;
Tell how, 'neath your snows and your hazes,
The germs of the flowers lie asleep;
And how, when the winter is over,
Refreshed by the nourishing dew,
There waketh the sweet-scented clover
Erst wrapped in its cradle by you.

Fair maidens you no favors curry,
Eldest born of the good old year,
While upon your fleet feet you hurry
To bring to my sad heart good cheer.
I feel that when life's full of sorrow,
And grief turneth to a salt tear,
That again, somewhere, on the morrow
The bright sun of Love will appear.

Then gambol and whirl and be merry,
And over the mossy earth cast
The spell of your laugh light and airy,
As you speed on wings of the blast.
Dear daughters of stormy old Winter,
You hold beauty and charm for me—
As fair as May's flowerets that tint her—
Whilst you frisk in frolicsome glee.

THE EASTER MORN
(A Hymn)

THE Easter morn doth break again,
And sacred melodies
Awake within the hearts of men
Christ's holy memories.
The Saviour came, the Saviour died
On Calvary's cruel tree—
And three days in the tomb did hide
Our slain Lord, The Crucified—
To set our lost souls free.

But now, ascended to the skies,
He intercedes for our
Poor souls with love that never dies,
And never-failing power.
May the Redeemer, Fount of Light,
In our dark hearts abide,
And call us to His mansions bright,
When death shall rend the veil of night,
To dwell His throne beside!

The Easter morn, its sacred dawn
Now spreading round the skies,
Reminds us how, in days agone,
Christ from the tomb did rise;
Upon the cross of Calvary,
Man's debt of sin to pay,
He died—but rose that we might be
Set from the chains of bondage free,
And live with Him for aye.

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

NAPOLEON trailed the Russian Bear
Across the dreary plains,
To where the domes of Moscow fair
Displayed their gilded vanes—
Intending there to bivouac
Behind her sheltering walls,
His arms, accoutrements to stack
Within the foeman's halls
Until the winter snows were gone,
When he his legions brave
Would march St. Petersburg upon,
O'er her his banners wave.

But when, alack, he came in sight
Of the smouldering city,
And realized his awful plight,
He was moved to pity
For his brave soldiers doomed to death,
As on the snowy plains
They fell before the Arctic's breath,
Unscarred by battle stains!
And when at last the winter ghost
Did stay his cruel hand,
How few were left of that proud host
To reach their native land!

The horrors of that awful march
What tongue can truly tell,
Of how beside the stunted larch
The famished soldier fell;
And on and on his comrades pressed,
Driven by grim despair,
While drifting snows for burial dressed
The dying soldier there!
Of how when winter sheathed his sword
And springtime breathed again,
There slept like old Sennacherib's horde
Nigh half a million men!

No braying horn, no cannonade
Was heard in that dread fray,
When frost those ranks did enfilade
With his artillery,—
His cavalry, so fleet and strong,
The shattered files break through,
And strew the Dnieper's banks along
With dead men, as they flew
To wreak wanton vengeance dire
On the invading foe,
Fight for the glory of their sire,
Old Russia clad in snow.

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